

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XXI.]

CHICAGO, MARCH 10, 1888.

NUMBER 2.

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UNITY

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VOLUME XXI.]

CHICAGO, MARCH 10, 1888.

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EDITORIAL.

Professor Stewart, of Liberia, estimates that for every missionary who goes to Africa 70,000 gallons of liquor are sent to that country.

AN exchange thinks that if the heathen were allowed to vote on the presidency of Princeton College Doctor Patton would have been defeated by a large vote. He was elected on the platform, "The heathen must perish."

THE *Northwestern Advocate* has a timely protest against the muck rake of the daily paper, and asks: "Can there not be competition in clean journalism? Why can not clean editors organize a syndicate to redeem the daily paper?"

WITH pleasure we note *The Progressive Pulpit* among our periodical treasures, and though only in its second number we are glad that it has already proved its right to be. We can not have too many of such earnest voices for truth.

ALL great works for good hang at last on the pivot of public opinion, and the laborious task of the reformer is, as it were, to manufacture public opinion. But how small a task that would be if each one of us would but live ourselves,—act what we think, instead of waiting to be roused by some thunderer of truth who "will be heard."

A GOOD Scotch elder, in order to remove the reluctance of the poor to church-going, suggested that the congregations adopt some very plain and inexpensive uniform. We agree with *The Interior* that the best uniform any church can adopt is that of a "meek and quiet spirit,"—a heart in man that will appeal to the heart in his brother man, and say as plainly as in words, in spite of rags, "a man's a man for a' that."

CREEDS are uniforms, and if perchance the uniform does not exactly label the man—spiritual values being difficult to measure to a mathematical certainty—the Christian soldier is stigmatized a traitor. Since truth is a hill of infinite height but infinitesimal gradations, justice demands that we shall have a uniform for every new vantage-ground or make all uniforms meaningless. Would not greater truth entirely abolish the uniform?

THE vast number of immigrants crowding to our shores, being noted, with the parallel fact that with us majorities govern, many thoughtful people now look with apprehension toward the future. While convinced that the unit principle of government is the true one, they see that in a great populace, uneducated, ignorant of the duties of citizenship, lies incalculable danger. The good people of Boston are seeking for this a remedy, at least partial. We hope they have found it, and that many other communities may profit by their example. They have organized an association called "The Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship" in order to "disseminate a knowledge of the principles of good citizenship, and to promote the observance of the duties imposed thereby;" and any one desiring to further this purpose may become a member of the society by signing its constitution, the annual dollar tax being assessed upon the directors only. The various standing committees will consider the matter of courses of reading and study in schools, in affairs relating to citizenship; provide for lectures; solicit pecuniary aid, etc. We have be-

fore us the draft of their constitution and by-laws, the work of a committee of five, consisting of Rev. H. Lambert, W. A. Mowry, E. C. Carrigan, E. D. Mead and C. F. Crehore. From it the work seems to promise finely, and we hope will meet with a well deserved success.

TRULY says *The Open Court*, "Our entire system of moral education needs, indeed, a thorough revision, and the success of urgent social and ethical reforms depends on the radical reconstruction of moral philosophy on a basis of natural science." The mere fact that different climatic conditions produce different race characteristics, that the mountain dweller is a different person from him of the plains,—these should point toward the bearing of natural science on moral force.

THUS does the "Easy Chair," of *Harper's Monthly*, for March, 1888, speak its good message in wise words: "The soul of the gentleman, what is it? Is it anything but kindly and thoughtful respect for others, helping the helpless, succoring the needy, befriending the friendless and forlorn, doing justice, requiring fair play and withstanding with every honorable means the bully of the church and caucus, of the drawing-room, the street, the college? Respect, young gentlemen, like charity, begins at home."

COULD we but repeat the Lord's Prayer in the present tense—"Hallowed is thy name, thy kingdom is come"—we should be very near to a great and glorious truth. The Father's name is hallowed in every heart; through every good deed or slightest noble instinct man feels an unconscious yearning for and reaching toward the godhead. His kingdom is here for hundreds of noble souls who are living in the spirit. If we could pray in the present tense we should believe more in the sanctity of the present.

WHEN a man like Matthew Arnold believes devoutly not only in retaining the Church of England, but also in keeping it an established church, we are inclined to ponder seriously upon the matter. That he believes it fosters the cultivated life among the clergy is scarcely a sufficient reason for its being, since it must correspondingly hamper a lay body of overwhelmingly large proportions. If Mr. Arnold could see the experiment tried without it, all conditions otherwise the same, we fancy he would find the evidence of facts heaped mountainously on the other side.

A CORRESPONDENT from Atlanta, Ill., is puzzled why Unitarianism, presenting a natural and rational religion, does not find more men who are willing to preach this glad tidings for their bread and butter or even less. He says the orthodox ranks are full of men of mediocre ability who nevertheless can present their religion in every town and do service in the way of prayer-meetings, funerals, weddings and even an occasional supply in the absence of the regular pastor. He adds, "there is not one man in a hundred hereabouts that knows that there is a good religion preached in the land that does not rest on miracles. The issue in their minds is between orthodox religion or no religion." He further says that there is plenty of good Unitarian literature, but it reaches mainly the Unitarian or his immediate neighbor. He calls for young men alive with zeal to make clear the new issue. This cry from the Illinois town is the cry from all over the West. Let the cry be heard. Some day it will be answered,—nay, every day it is being answered, and UNITY will do all it can to hasten the work.

THE *Independent* declares that the past glory of Andover Theological Seminary has departed, and believes that its waning prestige is due to the professors who have sought to "unsettle its foundations . . . and to set forth a hope not accepted by the churches." It is as though the plant should wail at sending forth new rootlets. True, the *Independent* would not adopt our conception of rootlets in religious parlance, though perhaps agreeing with us that change is the law of life. Heat is a mode of motion, and no force is lost either in a material or a spiritual sense, and this thought should not escape us in times of severe religious friction.

THE death of that noble old man, Mr. Corcoran, at Washington, removes from among us a splendid type of the man of deeds. His wealth would have given him repute among a certain class, but nothing to be compared with that affectionate remembrance in which he is now held. The gift of the Corcoran Art Gallery will cause him perhaps to be longer publicly remembered than any other of his benefactions, but the gratitude of the individual hearts he has lightened will ascend heavenward as a far sweeter incense: the quiet deeds of benevolence are still the purest mode of good, and brighten lives that might else have been impenetrable gloom.

IN a recent number of *UNITY* we referred briefly to the supposed danger to the churches from their Unity Clubs, with a word regarding the young minister who was frightened from our ranks on account of this Club work. The *Christian Register* of March 1 publishes in full the letter that so intimidated the candidate, and from it we quote the dangerous (?) phrases: "In most of our parishes they need a minister who can preach, and can also help a good deal in Sunday-school work, and in the organization and conduct of clubs for study. Are you somewhat familiar with Sunday-school and club work?" After reading the entire letter we are inclined to agree with Mr. Clute that, though the young man may have had ability and consecration, he was not over desirous of turning them to Unitarian service.

A FORTNIGHT ago two new "Unity Short Tracts" were announced, and now two more are ready. Here are the four:

No. 18. The Ministry of Sorrow. By Joseph May.

No. 19. Religion, not Theology: a chapter on Revivals. By John C. Learned.

No. 20. The Sunday Circle. By J. R. Effinger.

No. 21. Four Responsive Services, for use in Sunday Circles and Conferences. By J. R. Effinger.

The two last named may be of help to those who, "if they only knew how," would like to gather a few like-minded friends in some home-parlor for a Sunday service. There are many towns and villages in which the churches, good and earnest as they are, do not meet the need of those of liberal faith. These liberals are far too few to think of supporting a "church" in the usual sense. But the rest-day brings to some of them the wish, and at last, the felt need of spending an hour with others in the high places of thought and aspiration. They, too, want the freshening that comes of going to the quiet hill-tops of the spirit. They want the influence in their children's lives as well. And the "Sunday Circle" makes this possible. Tract No. 20 tells how to do it; and it contains a list of sermons—subject and author named—which can be easily secured for reading at such meetings. No. 21 contains four short responsive services and prayers, to help make the meetings worshipful. The services are named "Truth," "Righteousness," "Love," "God,"—the responses in the last being drawn almost entirely from Ralph Waldo Emerson, those in the others from the Bible. These "Short Tracts" are very cheap: sixty cents will bring a *hundred* of either of them.

If religion will be genuinely tolerant it will be true, for it will then have its eye on the great things of life, and non-essentials will fall without the range of its vision. It has been justly said "when we turn away from God, we do not see the Creator but only the creation. The selfhood then projects before us its immense shadow, in which innumerable illusions are engendered. These illusions in turn beget false interpretations of God, of man, of nature and of the whole problem of life from beginning to end. But when we turn our faces toward the Divine sun, the shadow of the selfhood with all its brood of phantasms falls away behind us, and we interpret things correctly; for we see them in the light of God." How seldom do we realize that we are our own darkness!

BEING neighbored in the cable cars on the one side by a tobacco-chewer and on the other by a man intoxicated, the Rev. C. H. Grannis, of St. Louis, says: "I felt wedged in between two national vices. . . . On the right I seemed to hear the rumbling of a million jaws . . . pressing out by muscular contraction the juice of the weed. On the other hand I saw the black genius of alcohol rise in mist till he seemed to fill the whole car." Aside from the whirlpool of calamities which these two vices leave in their wake, there is this intense loathing which they produce in the truly refined nature. Humanity, it is said, is more open to influence on the side of pride than elsewhere. It is time, then, that every man and woman of fine instincts voice in unmeasured terms hatred not only of the excessive use of tobacco and intoxicants, but also of the first whiff of the fine Havana or sip of the rare old wine.

MR. ALCOTT.

"Mr. Alcott has died. He was hardly more than a name to me," says a friend. A name and a kindly face and the sound of a flowing voice, is what he long has been even to most of those who knew him well. "Father Alcott," said our grey-haired people. Was he ever, ever young? Even in the morning of the "Transcendental era," he, too, as well as the century, was in the thirties. Dr. Hedge, Dr. Clarke, Miss Peabody, the last survivors of that morning troop, must have looked up to him as to their elder. But was he ever *old*? we might still better ask. The few great thoughts of which he was the ceaseless spokesman are those that have no age, belonging rather to eternity than time. He seemed as young as Plato. Had his prose been verse, he would count as one of the

"Olympian bards who sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young
And always keep us so."

But not even by his prose will he be remembered. He was essentially the *spokesman* of the Transcendental philosophy, not its writer; and among the spokesmen not its orator, but its converser; and among conversers the soliloquist. He was the friend of Emerson; in some degree, and in an early day, perhaps his helper. He was the father of his daughter, Louisa Alcott, who fashioned her "Little Men" and "Little Women" on the children of the Alcott home. And in his old age he was the suggester of the "Concord School of Philosophy," which possibly may prove his best title to a place in the encyclopædias. Only a few years ago it used to be his joy to come as pilgrim for a month or two among our western towns, speaking in the synagogues of half a dozen sects, and welcome everywhere as "Father Alcott." An "Alcott conversation" was a somewhat memorable event; not so much perhaps for the things heard as for the thing seen,—the aged enthusiast for ideas, imperturbably serene. A beautiful new youth to him, wherever he has gone to claim it!

W. C. G.

THE MAN IN ALL MEN.

In Channing's "Note-Book"—a little volume from the chance jottings and memoranda of the great preacher,—we found this: "Learn to view earthly distinctions as trifling. *See in every rank, MAN.*" A suggestive thought, and one fruitful of guidance in business, in politics, in society, in religion, in the whole conduct of life.

Suppose there were this clearer vision in society at large to-day. What would be its natural effect? Suppose the educated man saw in the ignorant and illiterate, the *Man*; would it not be a further proof of his culture, and its crown of grace? Suppose the wealth and fashion of the world saw in the poor and unfashionable, the *Man*, the *Woman*; would it not correct many false notions, save from all peacock pride and the undue emphasis of the mere externalities of life, and give us more of inherent dignity, of breadth and beauty,—more of real manhood and womanhood? Suppose the merchant and manufacturer saw in every employé,—yes, the one way down in the crudest form of labor, requiring only muscle and no brain,—the *Man*, would it not tend to beget a mutual consideration that would do much in each individual instance to solve the vexed question of capital and labor? Not for other corporations and firms, except indirectly and by example; but for that one business house we think it would. It was said of one of the largest labor strikes in Cleveland a few years ago, that it would not have occurred if the father, the originator and head of the business, had lived to deal with the workmen instead of the sons. It is told of the first king of Hungary that he kept his country shoes always by him, to remind him whence he had been raised to a throne. It would be well if our modern industrial and commercial kings imitated his example. The New York millionaire would never have said in his money-born contempt,—“the people,—damn the people!”—if he had borne in mind that he had been one of them and was not yet outside. And no matter how many times a millionaire by the reckoning of the market, in such a remark a man appears by the finer test hardly once a man.

We speak of “moral” and “religious” truth, running our adjective fences over its broad fields. But all truth bears on human life and conduct. The multiplication table is a help to honest dealing. In the larger interpretation of religion and its requirements to-day all social and economic questions are appearing to be also religious questions, because they have to do with human welfare and help to shape the characters of men. Much more religious questions are they than the interpretation of a text in Genesis, or the supposed length of an angel's wing. And because these are moral and religious questions, they can not be solved apart from the individual sense of right and the love of seeing it done, and yet more, of doing it. Legislation can not compel any man to be, *from his heart*, just; to love, *from his heart*, what is right. There has got to be individual action, from the quickened individual heart and will; and this individual choice must leaven the social loaf. There is no legislative contrivance, though much sought after, that can establish justice and mutual respect and good-will, in such way as shall let people all the while go on being unjust without respect for others, careless of others' good. In that finer aspect of every public question,—that is, its moral aspect,—we are thrown back upon the individual; because every moral problem is, *ipso facto*, an individual problem, becomes to each man and woman *their* problem, appeals to the individual conscience and vision to incorporate it in the individual life. Here begins the leaven. Here it has always begun and hence it has spread. Our hope is not first in legislation, and then in lifting the broad level of society to the enacted laws. That hope lies rather in the higher individual action here and there, in each man and woman throwing themselves upon their finer sense of justice, of brother-

hood, bringing their action into accord therewith in a noble faith, whether others are seeming to them to do this or not,—not waiting for others, not gauging their duty by the measure of others' faithfulness or want of faithfulness,—and thus setting in motion the leaven that shall work through the community, and in time crowd up the character of its laws. All gain of brotherhood, of sympathy and good-will among men, has come in this way. The problem is each man's, each woman's, in the personal life, before it is theirs collectively whom we send to the general court or to Congress to try their hand at making laws.

Suppose that in the workshop and the mill, in the contact of the street and of the market, in these daily and hourly touches of life upon life, in business affairs, in social intercourse, in employing and in being employed, in the interchange of service, in all this mutual relationship of human life,—for none stands alone, or is complete in himself in respect of the simplest things of his life, let alone the greater things,—suppose that each saw in the other the *Man*, recognized it, honored it, would not this lift the whole standard of human conduct? Mindful of this, will one, also *Human*, be willingly selfish, unjust, indifferent towards the *Human* in this man, in that woman? Will one eat his feast, careless if they hunger,—sit in luxury, careless whether they have even comfort,—make more and more wealth out of their honest service, careless whether it yields them an inch of margin beyond the bare necessities of existence? Would people so often wrap the ecclesiastical robes of their supposed “election” about them, would they draw close the folds of their business success and prosperity, would they gather up the mantle of their “social positions,” their “culture” and superior “refinement,”—from what they let seem to them the dead level and commonplace of society, the less fortunate phases of this mingled, throbbing human life about them? Who can think it? For they would see that it is not John and Peter and Mary and Bridget that, so living and doing, they wrong and condemn, but the *Human*,—the *Man*, the *Woman*, in them; that essential nature in which their own selfhood has its root, and which in the last analysis is the ground of their highest faith and their highest hope.

The higher life is not lived from set and multiplied rules, prescribing each act at this turn or that. It is lived from the spirit, from principles, few and simple. And of these a fundamental one is this recognition of the *Man*, in every rank. It puts beneath our often formal politeness, and our sometimes heedless impoliteness, the real courtesy of the heart. It changes condescension and patronage into fellowship. It will make much of our benevolence and charity seem no longer to us benevolence and charity, but simply justice; what we *owe*, not what we gratuitously *give*. It will set our lives in more real relations, with the struggling, rejoicing, sorrowing life about them. In his story of “Wilhelm Meister” Goethe speaks of the “three reverences.” The first is reverence for that which is above us. The second is reverence for that which is upon the same plane with us. The third is reverence for what is below us. And this last reverence, though he says traces of it have always been in the world, he finds set forth and emphasized in Christianity. But this Christianity,—the religion of Jesus, but not always of the churches that have shouted and still shout his name,—is yet in the minority even in the best phases of Christendom. As its day moves towards high noon, it will clear men's vision, it will light up the lowly places of life as well as its heights, it will guide us inward to our better selves, and it will make visible to us in every face the image of *MAN*.

F. L. H.

“If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.”

CONTRIBUTED.

THE FORWARD LOOK.

Our soul, with forward look abroad we send thee
 To faintly chant the litany
 Divine, supernal,
 Of learning infinite and good eternal!
 Speed thou in circling flight from sphere to sphere,
 Winging thy way to the
 Sublime Idea,
 The all-embracing Unity of human prayer.
 Thou tiny chrysalid, immortal symbol!
 Glad lark that wafts thy earth-born freight
 Toward heaven's gate,
 Teach us a larger science, nobler mood
 Linked by enduring bonds of unity
 In the Eternal Good.
 Oh may it be
 Large love of truth, best 'mong the mighty brood
 From Reason sprung, shall spur the human heart
 To thought that makes it part
 Of deity.
 Give it the eagle's flight, on Alps, sun-crowned,
 To fling glad freedom's note the world around,
 And, singing, soar up through
 The illimitable blue,
 Beyond the stars and toward the Infinite.
 But ah, for sterling hearts there's no strong flight,
 Without the great, the precious freight,
 Of weaker ones,
 Whose yearning vision seeks the dizzy height,
 The while they drag their steps in wanderings weary
 And sing, in accents dreary,
 Sad, solemn dirge,
 With eyes tear-wet, and pale lips quivering.
 Oh, brother, speed the "wandered children" home,
 No more to roam. The help thou giv'st
 To aid distress
 Returns to thee with double blessedness.
 Poor erring human kind the true seeks still,
 Though curtained by dark passion's vail
 From the pure beam
 Or Virtue's face, transfigured in its glory.
 Not selfish but *real* joy we must be seeking.
 How wide soe'er we fall astray
 Through love's dear bond,
 Our souls yet feel the ties of unity
 With those in other folds, or cold without;
 A tender Father planted in
 Each human breast
 Links forged from human sympathy the world about.
 Not rest from pain, not temporal gifts bespeak
 But contemplation of true being,
 Great hearts full fed!
 The larger justice fraught with love, we seek,
 All faculties evolved in just proportion
 To health of soul, that speaks
 The clearer vision,
 The pure, electric air of mountain lands, and vast horizon.
 Sweet virtue, wait upon our heavier mood
 As on our days of peace and joy!
 The candle, thou,
 That lights with cheering ray a darkling world.
 As rifted sunlight gilds the rugged way,
 And midnight canon's dark crevasse,
 Oh pierce the gloom
 Of all mankind, and guide us to the light of day.

Great heart of the Oversoul! do us inspire •

The noble task more nobly to embrace;

As little children

Still with it to grow and stretch to stature higher.

Together drawing upward may we feel

A tenderer sympathy

With all mankind,

In love not less with things of now and here

But more with truth and goodness everywhere.

Man's life is, as we will, a troubled dream

Or else a fleeting glorious vision of

The great Beyond

Vouchsafed the soul through truth's divine persuasions.

Then to the universal let us see

With larger mind and motive!

Oh set us free

In thought to live, in man to trust, in God to be.

BELLE L. GORTON.

HOW TO WRITE A GOOD STORY.

We are permitted to give the substance of a very interesting private communication written by Edward Everett Hale to one of our busy and effective Club workers in the West. It gives an account of the genesis, so to speak, of the story that competes with "A Man Without a Country" for the honor of being, not only the best of the many good things Mr. Hale has written, but one of the very best short stories found in the English language. Mr. Hale says:

Let me tell you, then, how I wrote the story, "In His Name." It was first a short sermon to children, for Christmas, of perhaps thirteen hundred words,—what would make two pages of the present edition. I said to myself, What is a good illustration of concrete Christianity which will interest people? The answer was, that the work of a physician, riding about, day and night, for the relief of patients, is a pure piece of practical Christianity. It is so historically, it is so in effect. No such thing is done except in Christian lands. No such thing was ever done before Jesus Christ was born. I said, this shall be the illustration of my sermon. Then I said, they will not care anything about so commonplace and everyday a matter as that. That is to say, I am not an artist skillful enough to make them care for it. So I distinctly chose the Middle Ages as a picturesque time, and the history of the Waldenses as a picturesque framework for what I wanted to do. I took an encyclopedia, and read the article Waldenses, that I might be accurate about the chronology and accompanying circumstances. With this little preparation, I wrote the first sketch of the story. It interested me and I thought it had capacities for something better. I was going to Europe, and I took pains to go over the journey from Mont Blanc to Lyons, as carefully as I could. I then found an old book-shop in Lyons, where I bought every pamphlet belonging to the same period of local history, no matter what its subject was. I brought all these home with me, and shut myself up in a country house, without another book except the Bible and a copy of Horace, I think.

I then read the local history of Lyons, for the whole of that century, as carefully as I could. Please observe that I did this simply that the local color of my story might be vivid, and that the details might be correct. For instance, I would not name a church tower as having a bell in it which rang on the morning of that Christmas, unless there were such a tower with a bell in it at that time.

I had all the characters, or all the prominent characters, for my story. I had made them up. But I had determined that John of Lugio, who is an historical character, should be the central figure of the whole, and I therefore learned what I could about him. If you will read the story, you will find it all turns on a case of poisoning and the remedies for poisoning. In order that I might manage this rightly, I studied the whole subject of poisoning, in the best French

authorities; I also studied, as far as was needed, which is not far, the history of the birth of modern chemistry, which was coming on at that time.

Then I was ready to go to work. I was under a very severe requisition. The book was to be of a certain length,—no longer and no shorter. I laid, as heads of chapters, the important subdivisions of the story, as it lay in my mind. Then I said to myself, Which of these chapters do I want to have the reader most interested in? Having determined which were the most important, and which, on the other hand, were, though necessary, the least interesting, I gave the most space to the most important, and the least space to the least, on a little schedule which I drew up; as, eleven pages for one, nineteen pages for another, and so on. This was done that the book might not be top-heavy, as a great many books are. The author is apt to write at most length when he is in best spirit, or is most interested at the moment. On the other hand, you see, I was to give the most detail where I wanted to have the reader most interested.

The book was now at a stage when Mrs. Hale says I say a book is substantially finished,—namely, when the first word is not yet written. But observe, I was ready to write it; I was ready to write it at a heat, in good spirits, without stopping to hunt up some obnoxious detail. I knew, for instance, the names of all the Williams who were canons of the cathedral of Lyons at that time. I could make my people talk about them as freely as you would talk now of Mayor Harrison, or of the anarchists. I simply had to write. And, in not many days the book was done.

I should like to say to you, or to any other young persons, that you must never wait for what people call the mood, but do your duty when you have to do it. In this case, I had to finish a book of ninety-six pages in a certain number of weeks. I put down ninety-six as the dividend, and took for a divisor the number of days I had, and the quotient showed the number of pages that I was to write on each of those days. With very little deviation from this requisition I wrote them. I say with very little deviation. There was one very considerable deviation. After the book was planned, the publishers altered its size, and I was directed to furnish enough additional copy to enlarge it quite materially. This was after the book had been sent to London for the English edition. The English edition, therefore, to this day, has never had the pages of the encounter with the troubadour, which, if you will look at the book, you will find takes quite a prominent part in the middle of it. It can, however, be left out without any injury to the regular flow of the story.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

A SCHEME FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF LITERARY ETHICS.

That literary ethics exist as yet in a crude form is of little consequence in comparison with the fact that they do exist. The evolution being thereby assured, we may live to see the day when a moral code in literature shall be as vital in its influence as ethics, political or social.

The science, beginning in the recognition of plagiarism as crime (as possibly the broader science of human duty evolved from the instinct of the savage to club his fellow-man for unlawful appropriation of roots and shell-fish)—is carried a step forward by Ben Jonson's inveighment against "good rhymists, but no poets," and his further suggestion that: "Donne for not keeping of accent deserved to be hanged." A further advance progress is to be seen to-day in the facts that even the budding novelist, poet, or essayist comprehends that an editor who declines with thanks his imperfect work may be actuated by something more than personal antagonism or jealousy of a rising talent likely to outrank his own if not promptly suppressed; and that here and there is found a critic who recognizes what

Hawthorne has called "the sanctity in a book," and whose review cannot be challenged as either partial or perfunctory.

But I submit to discussion the question, whether (in view of the prevalence of the Cadmæan madness among the youth of the land), the time has not arrived for the codification of a literary decalogue, which, though possibly too late to benefit confirmed sinners, would be of benefit to the rising generation of writers.

Naturally the first law in the contemplated code would read: "Thou shalt not steal," and the second, which is like unto it: "Thou shalt not covet (otherwise, copy) thy neighbor's work: neither his thought, nor his plot, nor his style (protected by an ethical copyright), nor his treasure-trove of legend or quotation." But it is unfair to ask one brain to fill out the details of this mammoth scheme. A prize should be offered for the formulation of a satisfactory decalogue of letters; age, sex, color, or previous condition of servitude (as editor, contributor or publisher) to debar none from competing therefor. Think of the effect of a circular, sown broadcast through the land, of which this might be the rude draught:

A Prize of one Complete Writer's Outfit, consisting of:

- 1 ream of paper,
- 1 box steel pens (broad nib),
- 1 jar black ink,
- 1 package envelopes,
- 1 sheet two-cent stamps,

is hereby offered for the compilation of a satisfactory Decalogue of Letters.

N.B. In case the successful competitor has a weakness for rhyme, we will add to the above:

- 1 copy of *The Rhymester*,
- 1 small *Classical Dictionary*.

Modesty forbids expatiation at length upon the benefit to literature certain to arise from such a circular—which for humanitarian reasons the writer has forborne to copyright; but to the mind's eye the scheme unfolds brilliant vistas.

Minor codes would spring up, too, in time: one for the poet, say; another for the editor, another for the critic. Fancy the average indolent reviewer brought up to concert pitch by contemplation of such a law as this: "Thou shalt not review any volume without careful (nay, prayerful) perusal of the same: in case of verse, without a *second* reading, and an effort to compass the bard's—possible—meaning."

Think of the infinite benefit to the relisher of versing, whose eye in a fine frenzy rolling should be arrested by such a minor code, neatly framed and hung above his desk:

I. Thou shalt write a legible hand, or use a typewriter.

II. Thou shalt commit no sin against meter.

III. Thou shalt discard trite sayings and stock figures.

IV. Thou shalt commit to the flames, rather than to print, any sentence or line which does not thoroughly satisfy thine artistic conscience.

And so on through the entire ten. Would not this lead speedily to a quenching, or snuffing out of the rush-lights of rhyme?—to a *survival of the fittest* in poetry?—to a lessening of the strain on the editorial nerves and—Hum!—As to the code to be printed and framed for the editorial sanctum, would it not run somewhat in this style:

I. Thou shalt not edit an article to the curtailment of more than one-third of its length, nor alter text or title without consultation with the writer.

X. Thou shalt visit typographical errors upon the head of the printer; yea, thou shalt *behead him promptly*, and send the *caput* as a slight mark of apologetic sympathy to the frenzied author per express.

Ah-h! Having in the last remark inadvertently betrayed where the shoe pinches, and carried the theme from the pure ether of the abstract to the nether-world of the personal it is quite time to make an end.

A. W. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR OF UNITY: At the meeting of the Fortnightly in this city recently, in a discussion that followed a fine essay on a German salon, there were numerous reasons advanced why there had never been a salon in America similar to those of Paris and Berlin. It seemed to be a matter of regret, and the blame was laid on American ladies, and the so-called immaturity of American culture.

Would the salon be attuned to the spirit of the times and American ideas? As De Tocqueville says, the question now is, "What will be the greatest help to the many," not the few; all effort tends toward equalization, not exalting those already great, but raising those who need the help of the great; the most learned, the loftiest-minded giving freely of their treasures, that the least learned may have wisdom too. This we see illustrated in American clubs for study.

The salon is a small intellectual court; it must necessarily be exclusive (the "lions" would go mad if the number of idolaters was unlimited), while the club is diffusive in its spirit, educational.

Moreover, Americans are not generally hero-worshippers. This winter we had in the Dante school some of the foremost thinkers of the day, who would rank high beside the most famous German philosophers. They gave us of their best. Their thought, abstract and profound, was readily absorbed; it is being discussed in a dozen clubs over this city. The kindergartner claims she can incorporate it into her educational work; the wife gives it second hand to her busy husband; and in more than one evening gathering there have been most earnest and far-reaching discussions of the abstruse questions brought up at that time. Certainly the thought they gave is appreciated. But who hears of the personality of the men themselves?

That there are assemblies of distinguished people in this country, every one knows, where the conversation is brilliant and inspiring; but the meeting is incidental,—they are not for the purpose of paying homage to genius.

If Mme. Hertz lived in Chicago she would probably be a very helpful member of one of the clubs; we would all be the richer for having her with us; but it is quite possible she might not be famous at all.

A. A. G.

EDITOR OF UNITY: Would your friend who still pays his money for the support of a church that still deals in hell-fire tortures for the benefit of the ignorant and the depraved teach an unruly child that the dogs will bite him if he does wrong, and would he spend his money for the purchase of dogs to keep up the illusion? The ignorant and the depraved have reason enough, in a greater or less degree, to enable them to see that dogs don't bite to make one good; also sufficient to show them that a consequence results from every act, good or bad. Truth is of more importance than error, even should an immediate benefit arise from the teaching of error; but the supremacy of truth can never be established if the world persists in embracing error, vainly expecting a greater benefit to result.

Fraternally yours, AGNOSTIC.

SANTA BARBARA, February 10, 1888.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Pilgrims and Puritans: The Story of the Planting of Plymouth and Boston. By Nina Moore. Boston: Ginn & Co., 1888.

It is but a little book of two hundred pages, and it is one of the old, old stories, but it is almost ideally told for a child's ear or eye. It is ideal work, because the journals of Bradford and Winslow and Winthrop are so largely quoted, giving the Robinson Crusoe quality of those old chronicles; because out of these chronicles just the pith of the stories is separated, and this is set in a clear narrative whose short and picture-like words are again what children crave; and ideal once more, because the work has been so

carefully and truthfully done, as with the conscience of an historian rather than that of a story-writer. The admirable notes and maps—for the book is meant for the school-room as well as for the home—reveal the same earnest and successful painstaking. The pictures might be better. The writer who can make this book should make more like it, until it takes a box to hold the series of which "Pilgrims and Puritans" would be only volume I. We give the table of contents:

Separatists and Puritans in England.

1. James and the Separatists.
2. Charles and the Puritans.

The Pokanoket and Massachusetts Indians.

The Pilgrims.

1. The Flight from England.
2. The Voyage to America.
3. The Discoveries.
4. The First Encounter.
5. Plymouth.
6. Samoset, Squanto, and Massasoit.
7. Adventures of the First Summer.
8. Feasting and Famine.
9. Massasoit's Illness.
10. Victory.

Boston in England.

William Blackstone (the first white settler in the New England Boston).

John Winthrop.

W. C. G.

Out of Darkness into Light: Passages from the Journal of a Bereaved Mother. By Mildred Mifflin. Printed at the office of "Our Best Words," Shelbyville, Ill.

A mother's "In Memoriam" of her little girl. It is a true history. Her first-born child had suddenly died, and the thought came to commit to her journal the actual chronicle of her grief, even as in the bright days she had written down her mother's joys. And so the record grew from those first weeks that yield the chapter "In the Depths," through days of "Looking toward the Light," and through the question, "Do we live again?" and the gathering conviction that "We do not die: death is but a change in the condition of our being,"—grew to bright thoughts of "Heaven and what it holds for us," and at last into the peace-chapter at the end when the mother, looking back and looking inwards, can write, from own experience, of "the Mission of Sorrow; the Loving Purpose of God in Affliction." Our quoted words name the six parts of the little book. It is tenderly and deeply written. It speaks for many aching hearts, and will speak, we think, to many hearts, if the shy Shelbyville publication can find its way out into the world. The book is strewn with helpful passages quoted largely from the elder writers of the liberal faith. So many of our household names are on the pages that the book seems like a handful of letters from old friends. The writer must know well the writers of our little circle to quote not only Dewey, Hedge and Hale and Miss Cobbe, but such names as Ellis, Dall, Follen, Bixby, George Merriam and Page Hopps, the Englishman. Much is given from sermons, much from poems; but in this journal form it touches more than sermons or "collections," in that the reader takes all from a real mother mourning for a real child, and telling the very history of her grief and of her gradual comfort. It is a book to give a friend a month after the sorrow has fallen; a book for ministers to keep at hand to lend. We make room for one noble passage: "I often think of Aubrey De Vere's ideal of what grief should be, and wonder if mine can ever attain to any likeness thereto. But if it ever does, I am sure it must first cease to be selfish.

'Grief should be

Like joy,—majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles, to command
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end."

W. C. G.

THE HOME.

NURSERY LOGIC.

There in the nursery stood the case,
 Old and battered and brown with age,—
 Dear Aunt Ann's with the saintly face;
 One of our cuddlers, in knock-about rage,
 Chanced on a spring, and a drawer flew wide,
 And lo! a ring, plain gold, inside.

Wee Aunt Ann with the mystic smile,
That was the secret thy eyes held fast?
 Shut in their smile in the long-ago while
 When wooers came,—and the wooers passed
 Because, in the nights, a drawer flew wide,
 And there was a ring, plain gold, inside?

Nobody guessed from then till now,
 Little maid-aunt, thy secret sweet!
 Nobody *shall*, but he and thou,
 Both of you long where old loves meet!
 But he—does he know that thy drawer flew wide
 To show his plain gold ring inside?

So we agreed, the children and I,
 Dropping again the ring in its place,
 Never to spy what lives so shy
 There in the heart of the old brown case.
 But the children say,—“Should a drawer come wide,
 There's a dear little uncle and aunt, inside!”

“Who?” is his name. O, *they* know well,—
 Have christened him, wedded him now for true;
 But that is her secret, and they won't tell;
 So it's just “Aunt Ann and Uncle—*Who?*”
 And—bless their logic!—they hear, inside,
 Their little dream-cousins laugh and hide.

Cousins real to the poets small
 Brooding the dream, as they themselves;
 Christened and characterized, each and all,
 Discrete, insular, untwinned elves!—
 “Poets”—or prophets? Should heaven ope wide,
 Whose are those children at Aunt Ann's side?

WHAT THE CHILDREN CAN DO.

Good examples, like that set by our little friends of Woodstown, N. J., are so commendable and inspiring that we want to give our young friends a peep into their work. So we print this short extract for you to read, hoping that some of you may go and do likewise:

An Appeal from the First Division of the Children's Crusade of Woodstown, N. J.:

DEAR FRIENDS:—Have you heard of Pundita Ramabai, a Brahmin widow, who came from India about three years ago, her aim being to raise funds to establish schools in her native country for the education of the children and child-widows there, who are very ignorant, being deprived of all the liberties with which we are blessed?

We have formed a division, and are attempting to aid Ramabai in her noble work by collecting sums of money, and by the sale of a book which she has written, entitled “The High Caste Hindu Woman.”

The sacred trust of aiding Ramabai has been given to us by an invalid friend residing near Woodstown. We feel it our duty not only to her, but to the children of India, to push this cause as far as possible.

We appeal to you to lend your aid and influence to help us in this work, so that before another generation passes the children of India will be enjoying some of the advantages which God designed for them.

Won't you help us?

Signed:

President, MISS LIZZIE FOGG,
 Secretary, MISS SUSIE COLE,
 Treasurer, MISS LILLIE AUSTIN.

Perhaps you could organize little clubs like this, yourselves and friends, and do a great deal of good. Perhaps, too, your mammas and papas would help you to find some of the interesting stories in the book written by Ramabai, called “High Caste Women of India.” It tells of the way they live, and what troubles the children have. Some of these stories could be selected for reading aloud at meetings. Mothers and fathers, who look tenderly and hopefully on the good work of their children, will be glad to help them in this. Try it, and report to us what success you meet with, so that we may tell the good story to others interested.

OAKLAND.

Yes, it is an old homestead settled peacefully down among the hills, and grown to generous proportions now. There are great oak trees about it, and gentle slopes, and level meadows and fields. Just at present the ground through all the country roundabout is covered with billowy drifts and waste stretches of snow. But what do you suppose eight rosy, rugged, rough-and-tumble little country children care for that? Can't they build snow forts, slide down hill and play fox and geese to their hearts' content? Eight of them! Isn't it grand to have so many all in one family—and where there's such a big house, too? If you could see Mrs. Franklin stand at the door and watch them for a moment as they start bravely off for school, you would know there was *one* in the world who thought so, at any rate. But such a time as she has getting everybody ready before half past eight in the morning! It is all very well to talk about teaching them orderly habits—and the habits are most valuable—but where children come to the front in such numbers, theories go to the wall. The dinner pails get filled, the faces washed, the tangled locks combed out, the lessons learned, the mittens found, the cloaks, scarfs and hoods buttoned and tied in the midst of a general hubbub, and not always according to Mrs. Franklin's most approved method. When the noisy set is fairly gone, however, and quiet reigns in the household, Mrs. Franklin, going about her work, thinks how short a time it seems since Baby Pearl passed up her chicken-bone and gravely asked papa to “please put some more meat on it;” how short a time, too, since little Paul, talking to his wee sister, told her wisely that the shells of the peanuts were their “over-coats;” and how short a time even since Will, the oldest of them all, rushed into the house full of tears and broken exclamations about the “big schicken” out there, when a strutting turkey gobbler had frightened him. Now Will was fourteen and Baby Pearl five—and Mrs. Franklin had forgotten about the mittens and books which were out of place an hour before.

Someway Pearl and her childish speeches seemed to linger in the woman's mind on this particular morning. She remembered one washing day, when the early summer sunshine made Oakland very beautiful, little Pearl had run into the kitchen to tell her of a newly-discovered bird's nest.

“But you did not touch it?” Mrs. Franklin had questioned anxiously. And something, perhaps the child's sweet seriousness, fixed her reply in the mother's memory:

“O, no. I just made b'lieve to the bird I didn't see it at all!”

These are such little things! But they help the world along wonderfully. Notice the words that fall from your own baby brother's lips, all innocently and unconsciously, and see how the care lifts from papa's brow, and the weary expression fades from mamma's face as he prattles on. In this way you will get acquainted with the little fellow, and recognize him by and by as a very bright sunbeam in the home.

And now if you would like to hear anything more about the children at Oakland, turn every week to “The Home” in UNITY, and I presume you will meet them again by and by.

MINNIE STEBBINS SAVAGE.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—The 16th chapter of Luke was the lesson before the Monday noon meeting led by Mr. Blake. The rule for interpreting a parable is that it means just one thing and it should not be allegorized. All except what makes for the one lesson the parable was meant to teach, belongs simply to the story, and no special meanings should be sought in these accessory particulars. If this parable of the unjust story is treated in this rational manner, it presents no great difficulties. This steward did nothing which he was not legally empowered to do; he provided for his future without making himself liable criminally. His lord commended him for his prudence; commended the prudence, not the man. The general teaching of the parable was paraphrased as follows: You who have this mammon of unrighteousness, money, distribute it to the poor and so make with it friends that will receive you into the everlasting habitations when the money fails, and you fail when the day of the worthlessness of all worldly things shall come. This idea that the rich man could hardly enter the Kingdom of heaven, is one that we find made specially emphatic in Luke. Poverty was by some early Christians (see James v) made nearly akin to virtue, and if one was rich the only thing for him to do to fit himself for the Kingdom, was to distribute to the poor. The second parable also means one thing and no more, namely, that if in this life one is rich and happy, he will not have good things in the life to come, but that if one is poor and wretched, in the next life he will be in joy.

Humboldt, Iowa.—Rev. O. Clute spent a day here this week to place with the secretary of the Humboldt College committee his report and resignation as chairman of that committee, and to say a hurried good-bye on his way to Southern California, which by his own request, is the field of his future labors for the American Unitarian Association. To one who, like the writer, was first led into the broad, character-building light of liberal religion by his teaching, it came hard to say the parting word, realizing that it meant, not only a separation personally, by two thousand miles of mountains and plains, but a loss to the state of an eminently talented, earnest, devoted minister and missionary. We rejoice, however, that the loss to us is to our friends on the Pacific slope, a gain. G. S. G.

Sioux City, Iowa.—Mary A. Leavitt, aged 51 years, died January 31, 1888, at the home of her children, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, in Sioux City, Iowa. Mrs. Leavitt came to Southern Dakota when it was a wilderness. The first year she opened a school in her own home for the few children who came miles over the prairie. From that time she has been constantly working for the higher interests of this new country. Soon after her coming, a rude hall was put up in her neighborhood, to be used for public meetings. Here Sunday services were held by ministers of differing faiths,—each neighbor taking his turn in securing a speaker,—and lyceums for discussions and social gatherings made this their home.

In all the educational interests of her county she has been an inspiration. In the time of the grasshopper plague, she went out to secure aid for the suffering farmers. Everywhere her brave, earnest sympathy has been felt. When the story is written of the noble women who have given their lives in the settlement of this new country, as truly as the soldiers on the battlefield, her name will stand in shining letters. Those who knew her last year in Chicago, where she had charge of Unity Industrial School, will not need my testimony to her faithful, enthusiastic service for others.

From Sioux City, where she spent the last months, comes this message: "From the desolate home, where husband and children will miss her cheerful spirit; from the kindergarten where the little ones will vainly wait for 'Grandma Kindergarten' to come and help them; from the earnest men and women who were her co-workers,—from all here come the words: 'How can we let her go when we need her so much!'" While the hearts that have leaned on her, find it hard to go on without her, yet there have been few selfish tears shed over her grave.

"So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what has need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true."

E. T. W.

The True Church.—This was the title of a sermon recently preached by the Rev. Thos. E. Green, an Episcopalian minister of the West Division of Chicago, presumably shutting out all other sects from a right to that appellation. In response to this and some circulars to a similar effect, the Rev. Charles Conklin, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer (West Side Universalist) preached last Sunday, showing how, according to our religious Constitution, the Bible, Universalism fulfilled the requirements of the true church. In forming the early church Jesus' command was simply, "Follow me." He found Matthew taking money at the receipt of customs and said to him "Follow me," and similarly with the other disciples. It was the life—the purity, tenderness, charity, love—of Jesus that they were to imitate, and so follow him. With each new accession to the early church new forms and ceremonies were engrafted upon it, until at last church councils were convened amid much wrangling and dispute to settle upon what was truth, true doctrine for the people. Thus did they drift away from the sweet simplicity of the elder church. So that to-day we must go back to Jesus and his life for the test of the True Church,—and certainly Universalism was inculcating principles of justice, mercy, love,—the Christ-like virtues; was endeavoring, as Jesus taught, to "follow him," and in so far, was a part of the True Church—one branch, among many, of the great religious tree.

Sioux Falls, Dakota.—On February 26, the Unitarians moved into the new church which is to be dedicated in a few weeks. The minister, Miss C. J. Bartlett, is planning to have a meeting of the Minnesota Conference in connection with her church dedication.

Cleveland, Ohio.—The strange backward movement of Adelbert College, of this place, in excluding some of its best students merely because they are women, has no parallel, certainly not among those conservative institutions as yet unconvinced of the feasibility of co-education. In a late sermon on the "Sphere of Woman," by Dr. F. L. Hosmer, the following reference is made to the action of Adelbert's trustees. "I can not but think that their action has been unwise and will prove injurious to the college in the future. There are some things of even more value to a college than prospective conditional endowments. . . . Moreover, whether justly or not, that action will be interpreted by the larger public as a backward step on the part of the institution." Mr. Hosmer has taken the most natural and sensible view of this matter, and that he is correct in his judgment, time will without doubt fully prove.

Certificate of Fellowship.—This is to certify that Rev. William R. Dobbins of Minneapolis, Minn., lately connected with the Universalist denomination, has applied for fellowship as a Unitarian minister, and that we, having examined his credentials, recommend him to the fellowship and confidence of our ministers and churches.

{ JOHN R. EFFINGER,
J. T. SUNDERLAND,
J. C. LEARNED,

Western Unitarian Committee of Fellowship.
February 6, 1888.

Beatrice, Nebraska.—The Unitarian Society which for some time was without regular services, has now for several months been favored with the ministrations of Mary L. Leggett. Miss Leggett brings to her work ability, genuine enthusiasm and deep consecration of purpose, which must triumph over difficulties and build up the waste places of the Beatrice society.

Philadelphia.—The First church has recently lost two of its prominent members—George W. Tryon, Jr., and B. H. Bartol—both of whom were locally well known in public works, and are evidently destined to be honestly remembered by those with whom they came into personal contact.

DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven just the required remedy in hundreds of cases.

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Dr. W. H. Ryder.—We are pained and surprised to learn, as we go to press, of the sudden death of the Rev. Dr. William Henry Ryder, for the past quarter of a century identified with the religious development, the educational interests, and philanthropic work of Chicago. Up to within a week Dr. Ryder—who, though his hair was thickly sprinkled with gray, was not an old man—might have been seen upon the streets of Chicago apparently in rugged health. But on Wednesday last he was confined to the house with an attack of laryngitis, which developed into pneumonia, and after occasioning him much suffering, ended in death at 2:25 P.M. on Wednesday, March 7. Of one so well known, both east and west, among those of liberal faith, it is hardly necessary to say much in detail. Dr. Ryder was born in Provincetown, Mass., July 13, 1822, and spent his earlier professional years in the east, preaching his first sermon at Manchester, N. H. Later he was located at Concord, then at Nashua, N. H., and after a trip, extending over eighteen months, through Europe and Palestine, was located at Roxbury, Mass., for ten years. In 1860 he began his long and successful pastorate in Chicago, in St. Paul's Universalist church, where he won the deep love and esteem of his people, as well as a wide reputation as an able minister. During the Rebellion Dr. Ryder was a stalwart supporter of the Union, which he upheld with no uncertain voice. He was sent to Richmond as a delegate from Chicago to aid the Sanitary Fair, and while there brought to light the famous letter used by the government in the assassination trial. We can not even mention the many noble enterprises with which he was identified. Suffice it to say that he has interested himself in many of Chicago's noble institutions for helpfulness, to which, through the wealth he had accumulated, he was also enabled to give material aid. Upon resigning his pastorate at St. Paul's church in April, 1882, he was unanimously invited to accept the position of pastor emeritus, but declined the honor, fearing to place embarrassments in the way of future incumbents. As a suitable memorial a life-size medallion bust was inserted into the walls of the church to the right of the pulpit. Soon after his removal from the east, Harvard University conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts, and Lombard University added that of Doctor of Divinity. Dr. Ryder leaves only a wife and one married daughter to mourn his loss in his immediate family circle; but he leaves behind him a constituency of enthusiastic and devoted friends, who, drawn to him by his noble qualities both of heart and head, will feel his loss one exceedingly difficult to fill. He was, all in all, one whom many loved, all respected, and one in whom even those of differing faith found much to commend.

Rock Rapids, Iowa.—Rev. A. A. Roberts, of Dakota, preached on Sunday, March 4. He is to remain several weeks.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. David Utter, minister. Sunday, March 11, services at 11 A.M. Study section of the Fraternity, March 17; subject, Charles Egbert Craddock. March 11, 7:30 P.M., Religious Study Class.

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas G. Milsted, minister, Sunday, March 11, services at 10:45 A.M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday, March 11, services at 10:45 A.M.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, March 11, services at 11 A.M. In Mr. Jones' absence a member of the congregation will conduct the services and read an original paper upon missionary work. Monday evening, "Novel" section of the Unity Club. Tuesday evening, Executive meeting at 8 P.M. Bible Class, Friday, 7:30 P.M.

UNITY CHURCH, HINSDALE. W. C. Gannett, minister. Sunday, March 11, services at 10:45 A.M.

UNION TEACHERS' MEETING at the Channing Club room, 175 Dearborn street, Monday, March 12, at noon. Rev. Mr. Utter will lead.

UNITYS RECEIVED. The needed copies of UNITY have been received, and we return thanks to those who sent them.

HONESTY, INDUSTRY AND COURAGE.

A SKETCH FOR BOYS AND MOTHERS.

From the Youth's Companion, March 1st.

In this free country of ours there is no royal road to prosperity. The road is open to all; to the poor boy in the country as well as to the son of wealthy parents, possessing all the so-called advantages which the city affords, and it often happens that the former outstrips the latter in the race. The key to success lies in three things: Honesty, Industry and Courage. Honesty in all things is the very essence of the right, and commands the respect and confidence of all. Industry is the constant use of the faculties which God has given to every one; and Courage is what makes men self-reliant and bold to act upon their own judgment, promptly and to good purpose.

In a little farming town in Vermont lived a lad of fifteen years with his parents. Word came from an older brother that a place had been offered him in the drug store of Samuel Kidder, in Lowell, Mass. Mr. Kidder was the soul of integrity and honor, a thorough man of business, who carried his Christianity into his dealings with customers. It was with heavy hearts that the father and mother consented to let their boy go, but they knew it was for his good, and they prayed that the lessons which they had sought to teach him, and the thought of his home, would be ever present guards to defend him against the temptations of the great world. And so, with a parting injunction to have Honesty, Industry and Courage for his rules of life, they bravely spoke the parting words, and sent him with their love and their blessing to his new home.

It is needless to tell all that happened to the boy. Homesickness came to him, and often when at his work the tears would come when he thought of his home and of his mother. But with them came her injunction to be brave, and so the little fellow kept at his work, determined to have Honesty, Industry and Courage, confident that with these,—for had not his father told him so?—he could not fail to win.

And he did. Go to Lowell to-day, and they will show you a brick building 250 feet long and four stories high, devoted to an industry which this boy, single and alone, has created. They will show you that it is filled with men and women who have pleasant, honorable, and profitable employment because this boy was Honest, Industrious and Brave. They will show you huge tanks in which a remedy of world-wide fame is prepared, to be put into millions of bottles and sent all over the country. And they will tell you, this boy's friends and

neighbors, that it is because he has been Honest in dealing with the public, never misrepresenting or misleading them by his advertisements; that what he offers is readily sold, and what his advertisements say is believed; that it is because he has been Industrious, and has wasted neither time, money nor opportunity that his means have steadily increased; and that it is because he has had the Courage to believe in the merits of his remedy, and in the willingness of the public to buy a thing really good, that his business has attained its present proportions. Here is a lesson for boys—yes, and for mothers; for there is not a mother in the land to-day before whose son the opportunity does not lie to be as successful and prosperous, and to do as much good to his fellowmen as Chas. I. Hood, of Lowell, a man whose name is a household word wherever Sarsaparilla is used, but of whom the world has known but little.

"Honesty, Industry, Courage."

This has been his motto ever since he left his home in Vermont, and it is his rule of life to-day. His Honesty no man ever questioned; his Industry is proved by the fact that he is the hardest-worked man in his establishment; and as for his Courage, no one will question that who knows the absolute coolness with which he expends hundreds of thousands of dollars a year in advertising, because he knows that Hood's Sarsaparilla will do all that he claims for it, and that the public only needs to be told of its virtues to lead them to buy it.

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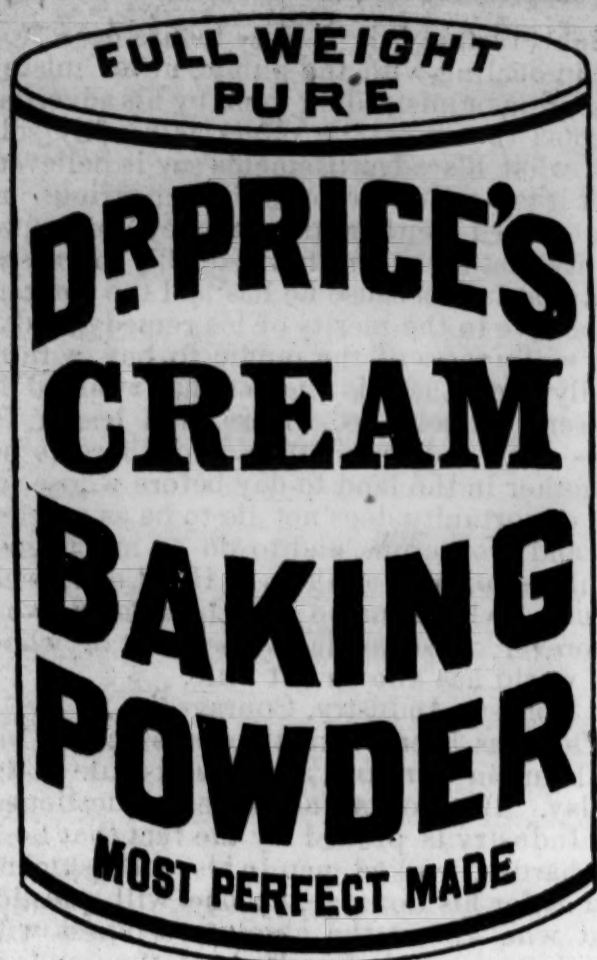
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